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not entered for competition, is that of a pretty maid, with a very large arm, who sits in a handsome, niched marble seat, with an immense lute in her lap, and looks upward at the floating figure that takes shape from the smoke of her censers and stoops over her fingering at a little mediæval hand-organ. At the feet of the sitting figure is a wild little cupid holding the music-books. Vaguely similar in character is Geo. W. Maynard's "Sappho," also sitting on marble and cushions, with her instrument idle in her lap, but gazing discontentedly at space, or at two doves billing and fencing on the edge of their brazier.

These may be designated as the figure-painters who deal in details; those who affect a broader and more summary style cannot be said to be particularly well represented in the exhibition. Mr. Denman, for instance, who made so good a start, sends here a large canvas called "In Blossom Time": one decorative young classical female sits on a low seat and the other on the floor, behind them are some vases of azaleas or some other large, handsome flower, and there is a gentle air of grayness and good color and unreality over the whole scene. Better painted, but desperately uninteresting, is F. C. Penfold's "Souvenir de Picardie," consisting of a fisher-girl, the size of life, walking out of her canvas, with a great net carried like a banner over her. Frank Moss sends "The Song of the Shirt," the unfortunate seamstress sitting awkwardly on her chair, and holding, rather awkwardly, the garment on which she has been working and which is so very low in tone that it looks to be in much need of laundering. But the figure is young and interesting, and really pathetic. H. M. Rosenberg has an excellent painter-y subject in his row of old Brittany women, all in the same costume, sitting, prayer-book in hand; but he has contrived to make only one or two of them interesting, the rest being rather vague. Much better is Amanda Brewster's "Lavoir in the Gatanais," the figures, the atmosphere and the local color are all good, and the little submarine balloons of white garments, that float partly in and partly out of water, are very well rendered. Frank Russell Green's "Waiting" is a nice young woman in a well-painted orchard; Frank A. Aiken's "Idle Moments" are spent by a buxom, thoughtful young Bavarian peasant-girl sitting by a table, and Chas. F. Ulrich's "Artist" is a handsome young Italian sculptor in a blue blouse, surrounded by statuettes in bronze, plaster, and terra-cotta. Two of the strongest studies of heads in the collection are a "Bamboula" negro by De Cost Smith, and Alfred Dudley's "Peasant Woman of Dachau, Bavaria."

George Inness, Jr., has found inspiration in a good animal subject, a wounded and exhausted stag duellist standing in a little mountain pool in which are sinking the last yellow reflections of the sunset, while his antagonist lies dead a little way up the glen. Horatio Walker gets an excellent picture out of so well-worn a theme as a woman milking a cow in a stable.

Albert Ryder paints a small boat laboring in a stormy sea, while just beyond, through the crests of the waves and the yellow sunset, "The Flying Dutchman" flames by, and, in a smaller and quieter panel, a "Shepherdess" that is a beautiful combination of good qualities of all kinds. J. Gari Melchers signs another original picture, a "Tired Moss Gatherer" lying at the foot of a cupped and picturesque hill that rises almost to the top of the frame; and among the good landscape-painters, Messrs. Dewey, Murphy and Bruce Crane may be mentioned as men living in some danger of letting their talents, their chic and verve, their sense of decorum, their good color, run away with them. Swain Gifford's excellent landscape, the composition of which is the accompanying illustration; Samuel Colman's Newport shore scene, rich in color and full of points; Leonard Ochtman shows decided promise in more than one canvas, and there are other competent landscape-painters represented too numerous to mention.

The sculptors are never numerous in an art gallery, but within the last few years they have improved greatly in quality, and there are two or three excellent specimens of their work in this collection. Chief among them is Olin L. Warner's "Diana," sitting on the ground with an arrow in her hand. Geo. A. Bissell, of Poughkeepsie, has a life-size portrait statue in bronze of an officer grasping his sword, and J. Scott Hartley, a colossal recumbent figure of "Satan Vanquished"—fallen backward upon his wings—and holding over his head his shattered shield. John Donohue sends a clever little bronze statuette of the young Hannibal, and Mr. Kemey's two spirited little plasters, one of his panther's "Still-Hunt" and one of "A Rough Rider,"

a lynx flattening himself with teeth and claws around the throat of an antelope or Rocky Mountain sheep.

NEW ENGLAND ART PROGRESS.

THE SLATER MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS AT NORWICH— BOSTON ARTISTS AS NEW YORK PRIZE-WINNERS.

ONE of the most interesting bits of news of the whole art year has come out here in a roundabout way—characteristic, no doubt, of the modesty that always marks high character and singleness of aim—through the selection of Mr. Edward Robinson curator of the Boston Art Museum casts for an additional responsibility. Mr. W. A. Slater, son of the munificent founder of the great Slater fund for free education at the South, has raised a worthy memorial to his father in the form of a Museum of Fine Arts at Norwich, Conn. He has erected a fine building, as part of the Norwich Free Academy, and placed it in charge of Mr. Robinson to fit up and fill up as an art museum. Readers of my last letter describing the catalogue of the sculpture of the Boston Museum, which has recently been prepared by Mr. Robinson, will feel assured that the Norwich Museum under his control and direction will have a character and a purpose at once distinct and comprehensive. Mr. Slater, like Mr. Robinson, evidently knows just what he wants to do. As the institution which he founds and endows is intended to supply his townsmen with the opportunity and means for art education, it will be devoted entirely to setting forth in due order and classification only the great schools of art of all ages, by means of reproductions, such as casts, photographs, and electrotypes. On this scheme nothing base can ever creep into the collections, and only the highest influences will radiate from it. Perhaps no one available in this country for such work is more intimately informed on all sides in the history of art. To text-book culture, and museum-rambling in Europe Mr. Robinson adds the practical acquaintance with Greek art only to be obtained in such an experience as he enjoyed as a member of the Assos expedition. His catalogue shows that he is a practical expert in the art work of the ancients, its materials, its methods, and its meanings. Nothing but what is representative, significant, and genuine will cumber the Slater Museum, we may be sure, and those who come there to take their lessons, their inspiration, or their pleasure in art will never be misled. The size of the museum may be gathered from the fact that the hall for lectures, which forms the ground floor of the building, will seat about seven hundred persons, and the building is so constructed that its size can be doubled when occasion calls for extension. The second floor, which is to be devoted to the collections, is open to the high, vaulted Gothic roof, so that pieces of statuary, monuments, and architectural forms, which it would be impossible to include in ordinary museums, can find plenty of air-space here. Groups of the height of sixty feet can be accommodated easily, and with fine effect. Yet plenty of floor-space and wall-space will be obtained in the galleries and

of the great hall, which will be felt and show themselves strongly in coming years. Art being the crown of education can only be placed on fit foundations prepared through generations of generous culture. The elder Slater's munificence has provided for the elementary education in the less favored regions of the Republic; the wise foresight of the equally generous and public-spirited son, provides for the higher education that is the lot of the most favored.

That both of the awards of the Prize Fund Exhibition have fallen to Boston artists is naturally gratifying to us. Gay comes of an artist family; but C. H. Davis has had

his own way to make in art, against every possible obstacle and obstruction, including even the active opposition of his parents. When he wished to become a painter he had to struggle against an equally strong determination to keep him at carriage-making. Well taught in the foundations of drawing and painting at the Art Museum School, when he went to Paris he had nothing to unlearn, and his progress in the favoring atmosphere of France has been surprisingly rapid. Yet he has never lost his original way of regarding nature and employing art. He is not of the modern French landscape school, which, with all its downright truth and sincerity yet has its conventions. He even goes a degree beyond it in absolute realism, his foregrounds are worked out in an easy breadth to the last blade of grass. His distances are equally wonderful in their minutiae and precision, and his atmosphere has infinite depth. Yet his naturally refined selection and composition are suggested and governed by poetic motives, and express strong sentiment. When he does not affect or force the sentiment there is a touch of true masterhood, a quality of admirable comprehensiveness and universality in his canvases. Mr. Davis's work is not, by any means, always of this great quality. He is at present painting to live as well as living to paint; he is not exactly placed as yet apparently in his own apprehension, and hence it is impossible to place him. But that he has enormous faculty and true power, and, that, whenever he settles it in his own mind that he is going to paint a great picture he will surely paint one seems already established by numerous examples. The prize bestowed on C. H. Davis has found out one of the future leaders in American art, we think here in Boston.

GRETA.

THE NEW SENEY COLLECTION.

THE bulk of Mr. Seney's celebrated collection of paintings, which seems hardly to have suffered from the draft made upon it by his recent generous gift to the Metropolitan Museum, was placed upon exhibition from April 16th to 28th in the galleries of the Brooklyn Art Association, in aid of the building fund of the Brooklyn Home for Aged Men. Though the galleries were not so crowded as on occasions when free loan exhibitions are held in them, they were comfortably filled with people who, as a rule, seemed to appreciate the taste and judgment with which the collection has been formed. Very few private collections in this country can compare with it for high average merit of the paintings which they hold. It may also claim to have been made in a catholic spirit, as there are examples of several widely different schools and of artists as widely unlike one another in aims as in technique.

One of the first numbers in the catalogue was a study by Jules Breton for a stooping woman in his "Colza Gatherers." It is of about the same size as the figure in the larger picture, and, perhaps, even better painted. Breton's "Brittany Washerwomen," a canvas almost as remarkable as the "Colza Gatherers," and for a long time in Mr. Seney's collection, was seen to be gaining, if anything, with age. The women are on the rocky shore of the sea, and there is a fine effect of evening light which seems to have mellowed. Several small but well-known Corots were studied about the gallery. Perhaps the most remarkable was the "Environs of Paris," with its very clear atmosphere and charming view of the far end of an undulating road bordered with trim hedges and young trees.

The collection was seen to be rich in magnificent examples of Dupré. The "Approaching Storm," was years ago shown by gas-light in a little room where it was lost nothing by being seen in full light. The "Tide" is peculiar because of the decided prevailing red, the entire landscape as well as the sky being dyed with that color. The "Moonlight" gives an impression of immensity more powerful than any other landscape the writer can just now bring to mind. Other good Dupré's were "October" and "The Lonely Sea."

Among the five examples of Josef Israels, the most important, "Infancy and Age," it was remarked, had recently figured in the ever-recurring Hazeltine "sale." Of Alfred Stevens there was a curious "Reverie," a figure seated in a sort of dingle by moonlight, and a clever "Balcony" scene with a lady reading.

Perhaps the most poetic Millet in the country, the "Sower" not excepted, is that catalogued at this exhibition as "Waiting." The subject is from the Apocrypha. The blind Tobit and his wife are awaiting in the road outside their house the return of the son.

A quite exceptional Diaz, "Evening," shows stormy clouds gathering about a sinking sun. A Fromentin, "Harvest in Algiers," is unwontedly rich in color, being like a design for stained glass. Lerolle's quiet, umbrageous "Farm-yard," with two geese feeding, and a young girl carrying a pail, and his "Harvest Moon," with two girls travelling in the dusk, showed him plainly to be not an unworthy successor to Millet, without the latter's depth of sentiment, it is true, but with qualities of his own not to be despised.

An extremely fine Rousseau—a "Landscape"—was very badly placed, so that one had to put his head almost to the floor to see it. It shows two rocky hills, crested with trees, and a splendid sky full of motion.

Some uninteresting Tissots and a Munkacsy of no transcendent merit were stowed away in a small room off the main gallery. An example of Millais, which cannot be said to be up to what his reputation would lead one to expect of him, being loud in color and not very life-like in expression, is called "Une Grande Dame." Examples of Gérôme, Bouguereau, Lefebvre, Renouf and others, generally of fine quality, were also to be found.

Altogether Mr. Seney's new collection is worthy of his reputation as a connoisseur.

R. J.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE MORGAN SALE.

"WHEN Sir Thomas Kirby, the celebrated auctioneer, appeared, he was enthusiastically saluted with reiterated applause," writes M. Eudel, in his picturesque account

and others, bring it up to \$8900. "Come, a last effort to arrive at \$9000, said M. Kirby, fascinating his audience with a glance." And, thereupon, "M. Charles Crocker, the millionaire of the West, who has bought Billy, the manor of Hutchinson, known as the Château of Chatta-

nooga"—what all this may mean we do not pretend to say—gives the \$9000 and bears off the Corot. "But the nail of the evening" is Meissonier's "In the Library." It is a solemn moment when the "commissionnaires" come to place it on the easel. "The criers disseminate themselves in the room. The ladies let fall on their knees their catalogues covered with red morocco, and printed in letters of gold." And Meissonier's picture was knocked down for \$16,525 to Mr. Knoedler.

At the second "vacation," Sir Thomas becomes again plain "Auctioneer Kirby," and a Vibert goes "by somersaults of 200 and 300 dollars to \$12,500." At the third, M. Eudel remarks Mr. Huntington's little skullcap of black silk, and also that Mr. Harry Havemeyer, appearing "soucieux," rests

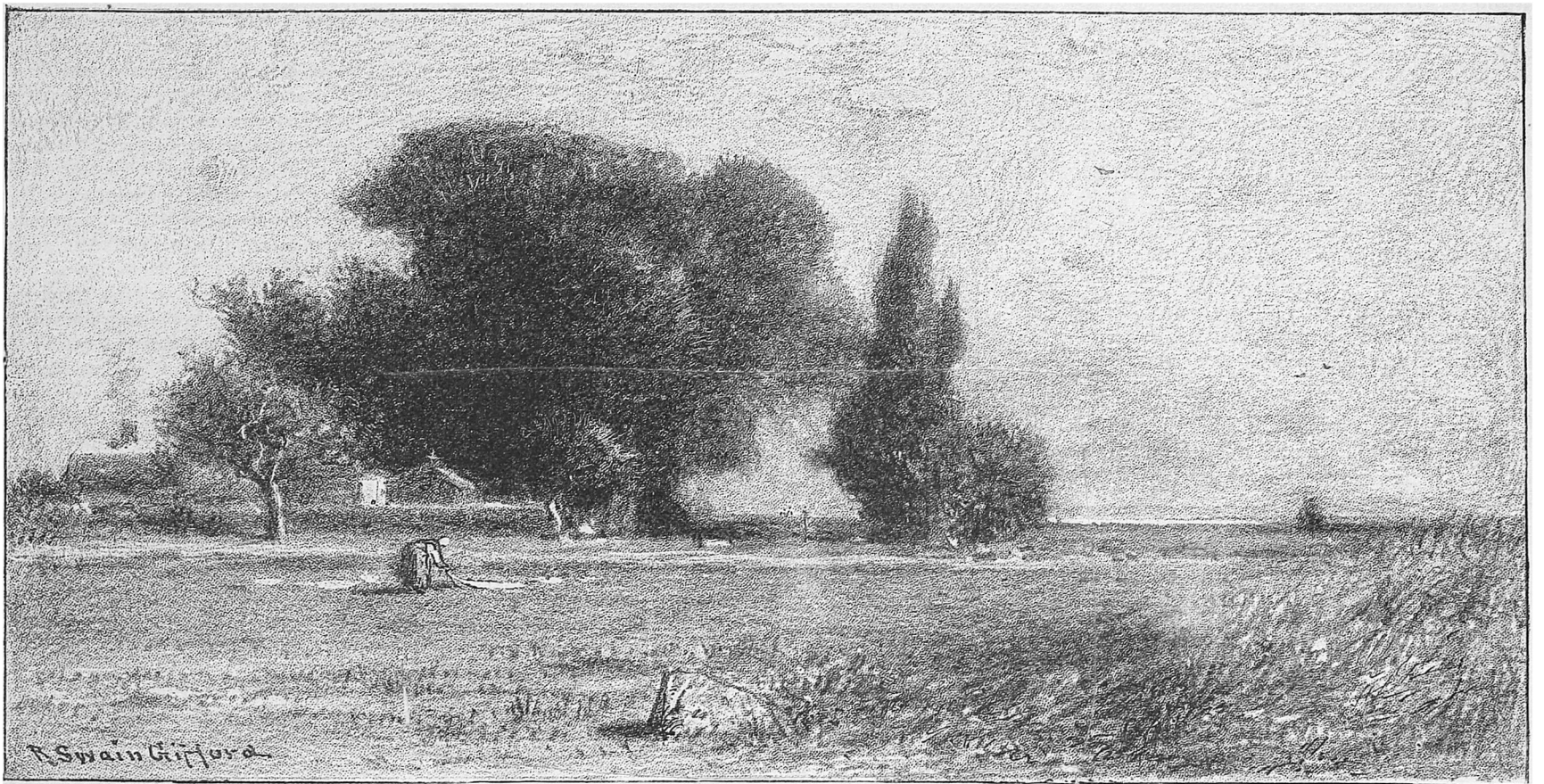
his hands and his chin on his cane. Mr. Avery thinks by a bid of \$20,000, "a bid fit to knock down an ox," to give his competitors for Breton's "Communiantes" a terrible blow. But after a few minutes of hesitation there is a volley of higher bids, and Mr. Avery's \$20,000 is left



"A STORY OF THE WAR." BY CHARLES DANFORTH.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN THE PARIS SALON, 1887.

of the Morgan sale. As M. Eudel, it appears, has the privilege of conferring knighthood, should he make his appearance in New York he would undoubtedly be enthusiastically saluted by scores of people who would like to prefix "Sir" to their names. After the "petit speech



LANDSCAPE. BY R. SWAIN GIFFORD.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING IN THE NEW YORK PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION. (SEE PAGE 9.)

WHEN you are disposed to criticise your own work adversely, you may safely trust yourself, for it shows that your conception is superior to your execution. When you are disposed to treat yourself to flattering criticisms, it is well to get the honest judgment of some person of practical art knowledge and experience.

d'usage," by Sir Thomas, M. Eudel notes that the first number, "The Signal," by Haquette, was sold to Mr. Henry Wilson "de Stock Échange," for \$575. Next comes a paysage of Corot, "qui décroche rapidement," 5000 dollars. Mr. John T. Martin, Mr. Harry Havemeyer, Mr. Knoedler, "the great dealer of New York,"

far in the rear. On goes the "battle of dollars," M. Kirby animating the contestants with a little speech now and then, until the "Communiantes" is sold for \$45,000. "Hip! hip! hurrah! All America, with accompaniment of dollars, chants the glory of French art. It is the highest bid that has ever been placed on the picture of